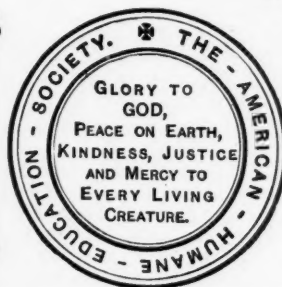


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



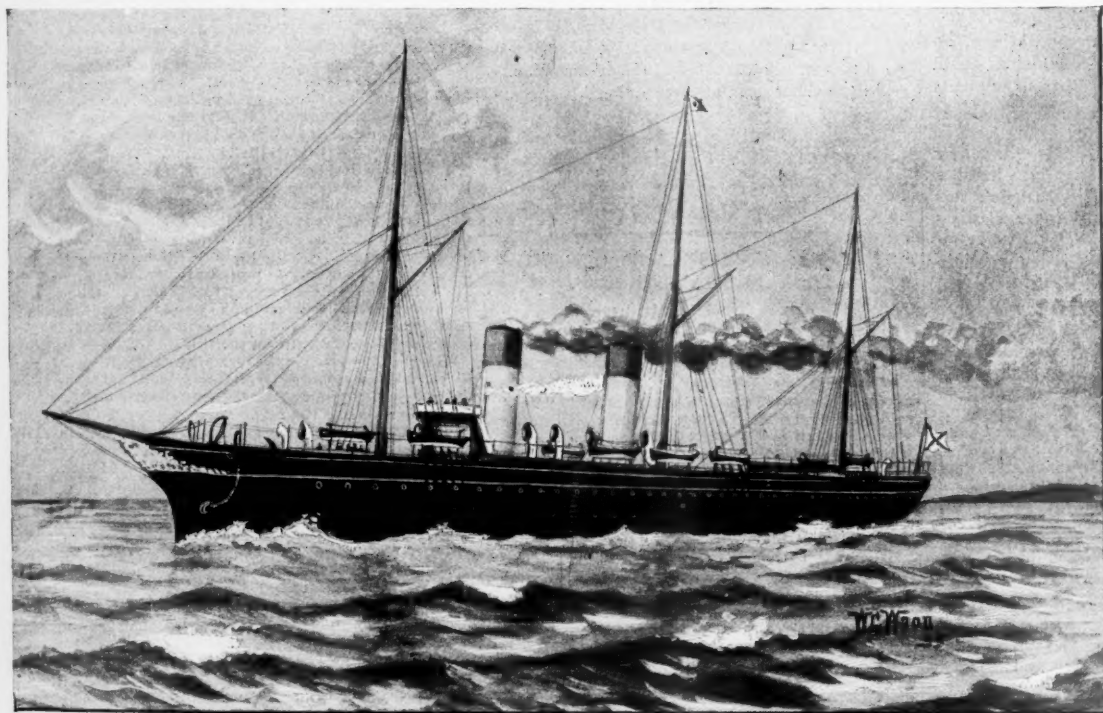
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, September, 1895.

No. 4.



IMPERIAL YACHT OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

— 172 —

A friend calls our attention to the fact that the editor of "*The Boston Daily Globe*" kindly says we deserve to live to be 172.

We thank him, and certainly wish we could, *having the full use of our faculties*, for we cannot help sympathizing strongly with the man who, when the evangelist called upon all who wanted to go to heaven to rise, sat still, and when the evangelist called upon all who wanted to go to the other place to rise, still remained

seated, and when the evangelist asked him where he did want to go, replied that he didn't want to go anywhere—he *wanted to stay right here*.

And this reminds us of a kind letter recently received from our good friend Miss H., of Leicester, enclosing a liberal gift, which we put at once into the treasury of our "*American Humane Education Society*," and in which she expresses her gratitude that God has preserved our life, and her prayer that in His boundless

love He will continue it many—many years.

We are glad to tell her and other good friends that an eminent physician, whom we have recently consulted, thinks that if we take proper care of ourself we may be good for ten years longer and possibly still more.

A good Christian Scientist assures us that she is doing her best to keep us alive and able to work.

We certainly wish her success.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"GREAT DODGE."

Jones — "I see that the government is educating 10,000 Indian children." Smith — "Yes; great dodge." Jones — "Great dodge? how so?" Smith — "Why, you see, the copper-colored youngsters are put through the same kind of cramming that white children are, and if they live to grow up they won't have strength enough left to go on a war-path!"—*Philadelphia Call*.

IRISH WIT.

An Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right poteen, was thus accosted by his captain, whilst standing at ease: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Plase yer honour," said Pat, "I always blushes when I spakes to an officer."

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

As all the world knows, Boston has seen since our last issue, perhaps the largest collection of Knights Templar ever gathered in America, and possibly in the world.

While we have never attained a position which would warrant us in wearing our hat in meeting, our father was a Knight Templar, and so as we saw the splendid procession we felt somewhat as the good wife did who, when her husband was elected corporal, inquired whether that did not make her too, and all the children corporals.

If it did not, she certainly was as well entitled to the name of Mrs. Corporal as other ladies are to the names of Mrs. Senator, Mrs. Governor, or Mrs. President.

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS, AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

We have recently visited Plymouth for the second time, and stood on "Plymouth Rock," and seen that wonderful "Monument to the Forefathers," to our eyes the finest in the world.

We do most earnestly wish that some wealthy citizen of Boston would erect its duplicate in our city, to be seen by millions who cannot visit Plymouth.

We have looked upon many monuments in our own country and in Europe, but never on one that so impressed us by its grandeur and beauty and what it represents.

We wish that every boy and girl in America could see and study it.

If its duplicate could be erected here, no man, woman or child who visits Boston would fail to see it, and all our other monuments [when compared with it] would dwindle into insignificance.

Who among our wealthy citizens will confer a lasting benefit upon posterity and build a noble monument for himself by causing this magnificent memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers to be reproduced in Boston?

Our first visit to Plymouth was many, many years ago, when by invitation we accompanied the Boston aldermen to Daniel Webster's funeral at Marshfield [about the saddest scene we ever witnessed], and then to Plymouth.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

RIGHT IS RIGHT.

If the richest, proudest and handsomest woman in Washington should twice shoot and kill the poorest little colored boy in that city, because he simply put his little hand through her father's fence to pick a pear from the ground, it is our opinion that she should be promptly arrested, fairly tried, and if convicted of murder, be sentenced to imprisonment for life.

There should never be in this country one law for the rich and another for the poor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THIS PAPER.

Our subscription list is largely and rapidly increasing.

From one N. H. town come 100 subscriptions this year in place of 50 last.

From "Medicine Hat," away up in North-Western Canada, come 100 new subscriptions.

From Connecticut, within the past month, have come several hundreds new subscriptions.

From our own State we have received during the past month over 600 new subscriptions.

THOUSANDS OF CALLS.

It is within bounds to say that we are having thousands of calls for humane publications from all over our country and elsewhere. If we had a million of dollars we could use it economically and judiciously.

FIBRE AND FABRIC.

In the above-named Boston paper of August 24th we find the following in regard to what we said in August No. in regard to signing our editorials:

"Geo. T. Angell, ripe in years and full of experience, is teaching those whom he can reach to recognize the rights of dumb animals. To reach those who are unmerciful he invokes the aid of the law. In this work it is necessary to do some forceful writing, and to those writings he signs his name, not in egotism or vanity, but to let his readers, for he has a host of them, know that 'tis he who writes, and that he still lives and has a personality that is devoted to exterminating brutality by love, or by law. We like signed editorials and those we know the authors of, as in 'Our Dumb Animals' and the 'New York Sun.' A machine-written editorial has no soul in it; it is a corpse, and each day buries its own. Not so with what Mr. Angell writes, for it is alive and will live after Mr. Angell has rendered an account of his stewardship. Besides, Mr. Angell is willing to be held responsible for what he writes. Long live the father of our children's 'Bands of Mercy.'"

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

It is with unmingled sorrow that we learn [through our American papers] of the example that this nominally Christian man is setting to the million or more members of our "American Bands of Mercy" and the many millions whom we want to join them, by spending a good part of his summer up in the Adirondacks trying to shoot deer and other harmless creatures for fun.

We can say nothing more appropriate than what was once said of another: "Turn backward with averted gaze and hide his shame."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"THIM MITHODISTS" AND OUR MILITARY SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

"Those who found their faith upon
The holy text of pike and drum,
And prove their doctrines orthodox
By Apostolic blows and knocks."

"I don't like thim Mithodists," said one Irishman to another, "because they are so throublesome." "Yes," said the other, "that's just what was the matter with our Lord and Master; he'd never been crucified if he hadn't bin so throublesome."

It has been our privilege to stand not unfrequently in the pulpits of almost all Christian denominations [including the Episcopal] and speak for God's lower creatures that cannot speak for themselves, also in the Roman Catholic Church before the altar, but we have never been received more kindly by any church than by the Methodists, nor have we of any church more pleasant recollections.

Under the great tent at the Vineyard—before the New England Conference at Charlestown, where we received an unanimous standing vote of thanks—at the great Rock River Conference in one of the largest churches of Chicago, where we received a similar standing vote from the great audience, filling both the floor and galleries—before the students of the Boston Theological Seminary, who rose as we entered the hall and remained standing until we were seated, and again rose at the close of our address and remained standing until we left—several times at the monthly meetings in Boston of the Methodist Episcopal clergy—we shall never forget the "amens" and "God bless you."

And now it gives us particular pleasure to find in "Zion's Herald," the Methodist Episcopal paper of Boston, an article by the Rev. Frederick Woods, D.D., upon the arming of our Sunday-schools, from which we take the following brief quotations:

"Nor are we imitating the bloodless parade of the Salvation Army, whose volleys are only amens and their knee drills but ordinary prayer."

Oh, no, nothing so tame as that for us—but rifles

that can ring and bayonets that can stab. The vestry a veritable drill shed."

"There is some danger to the launching of this new dispensation, from the fact that so many Christians read their Bibles in the old-fashioned way, and as a means of grace prefer the Bethlehem chorus to the blare of the trumpet and the tramp of the 'God of War.'"

"And that the captain of our salvation is no captain at all until he is placed at the head of brigades of boys with muskets in their hands, feeding his lambs from the point of the bayonet, and electrifying their young hearts with the command: Ready, fire! Why, there is nothing in the yellowest dime literature that can equal the excitement of a sensation like that."

"If we can only succeed in getting a foothold for the grim 'God of War' within the church, we must push for a professor of the murderous [I mean military] art in the 'Boston School of Theology.' In the meantime a prayer to Jesus before or after the drill will not do much harm to the cause."

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

It seems to give offence to some persons who write us long letters [enclosing no money] that we are disposed to speak kindly of "The Sisters of Mercy," and other good Roman Catholics.

We assure these writers, once for all, that so long as we control the publication of this paper it shall, without fear or favor, tell the good deeds of Roman Catholics just as freely as of Protestants.

If a Roman Catholic policeman, or driver, or teamster, or Sister of Mercy, says a kind word or does a kind act to or for dumb animals, we shall be glad to mention it; and on the other hand, if any of these writers can point us to a single Roman Catholic school or college in which cruel vivisection is practised—or any of those college and school outrages so common in some of our Protestant institutions of learning—or a Roman Catholic clergyman who spends his summer vacation shooting harmless birds for fun—or any Roman Catholic Sunday-school in which the boys are being armed and drilled in U. S. army tactics, we will tell that.

But we shall never forget that in nearly all our large cities most of the men who are liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens—and most of the drivers and teamsters upon whose kindness and mercy depend those whom it is our duty to protect are Roman Catholics—nor shall we ever forget the great assistance we have received in our humane work in Northern, Southern, and Western cities from Roman Catholic clergy and laymen and women.

When in 1870 we began the formation of The Illinois Humane Society, one of the first to give us substantial aid was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

When we started the "American Band of Mercy" one of the first to join was the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, and one of the first Bands of Mercy formed was in the Parochial schools at Lynn.

When ten years ago we asked the school committee to grant us permission to address for one hour every public school in Boston, the first to rise and move that we have the unanimous consent of the school committee was a Roman Catholic.

Among those who have served with us on the Boards of Directors of our two Humane Societies during the past quarter of a century, more than three-quarters have been and are Protestants, and many of them have been and are dear friends, but none we think more truly so than Patrick Donahoe and John Boyle O'Reilly.

And we shall never cease to regard any man who is seeking to promote discord, strife, hatred and war between religious sects as a public enemy, who deserves to be sent to some great reformatory where he can be properly educated, and made over [if possible] into a good citizen and decent Christian.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

It is good news to many of our readers that our good friend Patrick Donahoe [now in his 82nd year] after his long sickness is again at work in his office.

We shall never forget his kind interest in our recovery when double pneumonia came so near ending our earthly labors.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

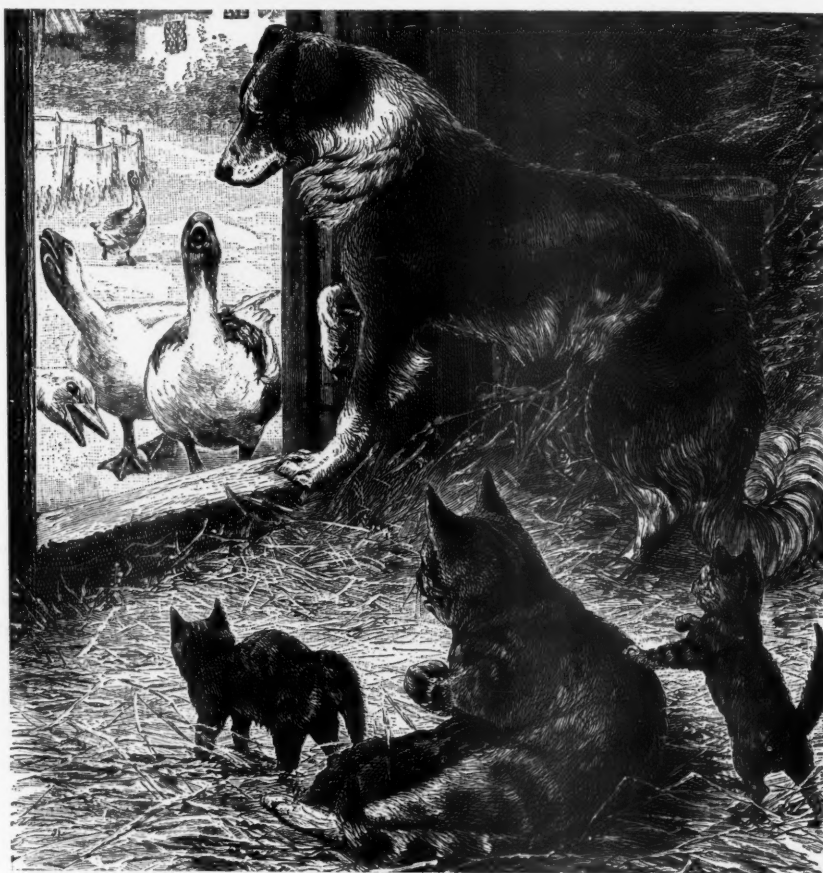
3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



A MORNING CALL.

From the Alpha Publishing Co., Boston.

WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"What is the real good?"

I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;

Knowledge, said the school;

Truth, said the wise man;

Pleasure, said the fool;

Love, said the maiden;

Beauty, said the page;

Freedom, said the dreamer;

Home, said the sage;

Fame, said the soldier;

Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly—

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom,

Softly this I heard—

"Each heart holds the secret—

Kindness is the word."

A HARD-HEADED FARMER.

"Miss Minnie Bertha Learned will now give us some very interesting experiments in chemistry, showing the carboniferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a short treatise on astronomy, and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances, and close with a brief essay entitled, 'Philosophy vs. Rationalism.'" Thus spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the class-show day.

A hard-headed, old-fashioned farmer happened to be among the examining board, and he electrified the faculty, and paralyzed Miss Minnie by asking:

"Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much sixteen and three-fourths pounds of beef would come to at fifteen and a half cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I—," gasped Miss Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is the Vice-president of the United States?"

"Why—I—I—Mr. B——, isn't he? Or is it—"

"Kin you tell me where the Mississippi River rises and sets?"

"I—I—don't just know."

"I reckoned ye didn't. Gimme the good old days when gals and boys went to school to learn sense."

HIS FRIEND JOHN.

He was having his fortune told.

"I see," said the medium, "I see the name of John."

"Yes," said the sitter.

"The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."

"It has."

"This John is an intimate friend."

"That's so."

"And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."

"True."

"His influence over you is bad."

"Right again."

"But you will soon have a quarrel."

"I'm glad of that. Now spell out his whole name."

The "mejum" wrote some cabalistic words and handed to him.

"Do not read until you are at home," she said, solemnly. "It is your friend's whole name."

When he reached home he lit the gas and read in picket-fence characters the name of his "friend"—"Demi-John!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

[From the "Boston Pilot" of August 3rd.]

Rodman Wanamaker, son of the ex-Postmaster General, gave a banquet costing \$20,000 to some friends in Paris last week. For lavish display it outdid anything since the days of Lucullus.

It is our opinion that \$20,000 might have been more usefully spent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1895.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and fifty-one new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-three.

A GREAT RELIEF.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I have just read in your columns the protest of an indignant gentleman against the four-wheeled dirt carts which all night long carry the dirt from the State House and Tremont House excavations.

As a resident of Mt. Vernon street, near the State House, I wish to add my protest. It is a work for which there is no necessity whatever. From 6 o'clock in the morning to 10 at night—16 hours—is quite enough for this work.

To carry it on all night is a wrong to the horses, which, if they try to sleep daytimes, are tormented by flies; a wrong to the men employed; a wrong to their families, and saying nothing of the sick, a wrong upon our citizens, who are liable to be kept awake all night by the rolling over the pavements of these heavily loaded and springless four-wheeled dirt carts. Let them be stopped. GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Boston, July 29.
The above appeared in The Boston Herald of July 30.

The wrong described ended the next night; and horses, men, families and the public have reason to be grateful.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Pro. 12: 10.)

HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON.

It is with profound sorrow that we learn, just before going to press, of the almost instant death, by heart complaint, of one of our best friends and brother director of our two Humane Societies—the Hon. Henry O. Houghton—head of the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of this city—a man eminently distinguished for his ability, integrity and humanity.

We are reminded of a most Christian prayer by the Rev. Dr. Gannett, many years ago, at the funeral of one of Boston's noblest citizens who died in a similar manner.

He thanked God that he had lived—thanked God for all the good he had been permitted to do—and thanked God that, like Elijah of old, he had been taken from earth to heaven without pain.

In our next issue we shall speak more fully of our friend who has gone before us. GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

LABAN PRATT, Esq.

We are glad to note that the above-named Chairman of our Finance Committee has been appointed one of our three Boston Park Commissioners, an office of high honor, vast responsibility, and a capital chance to be blamed, but to which no pay is attached. Mr. Pratt is eminently the right man in the right place.

OUR PARK COMMISSIONERS AND CITY SUPER-INTENDENT OF PUBLIC GROUNDS, WM. DOOGUE.

We are indebted to the above gentlemen for causing about 400 of our placards for the protection of birds to be posted on trees in our Parks, Common, and Public Garden.

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO.

Among the numerous requests which we are getting from all parts of the country, comes one asking us to stop a bull fight which is now being gotten up by the miners near Cripple Creek, Colorado.

If we had the power we should be glad to stop not only every bull fight in the country, but also every other kind of a fight, and we might act somewhat as Frederick the Great once did when two of his officers asked permission to fight a duel. He granted them permission, but when they came to the duelling ground next morning they found a gallows erected and a corporal's guard stationed there, and on inquiry were informed that his Majesty had ordered that whoever survived the duel should be immediately hung. The duel did not take place.

BULL FIGHTS.

We see in the papers that they propose to have some bull-fights in New Orleans, and that the reason they failed to have them at the time of the New Orleans Exposition was because somebody failed to furnish the money demanded. This is news to us; and we were there.

The buildings and grounds were all prepared and the bulls and fighters were ready to begin, when we took hold of the matter, through the press and otherwise, and the exhibition was prohibited, the buildings and grounds closed, and the bulls and fighters sent back to Mexico.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 1895-96.

President, — GEO. T. ANGELL.

Directors, — Geo. T. Angell, Hon. Henry O. Houghton, Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Hon. George White, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Patrick Donahoe, Laban Pratt, Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Miss Florence Lyman, Miss Sarah J. Eddy, Miss Veronica Dwight, A. A. H. Meredith, Edward H. Clement, Hezekiah Butterworth, Wm. M. Horne, Wm. Dana Orcutt.

Treasurer, — Hon. Henry O. Houghton.

Deputy Treasurer and Secretary, — Joseph L. Stevens.

Trustees of the Permanent Fund, — Charles P. Bowditch, William Minot, Geo. T. Angell.

Auditor, — Laban Pratt.

OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS FOR 1895-96.

President, — GEO. T. ANGELL.

Directors, — Geo. T. Angell, Mrs. William Appleton, Dr. D. D. Slade, Russell Sturgis, William H. Baldwin, G. J. F. Bryant, Patrick Donahoe, Miss Florence Lyman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Miss Veronica Dwight, Miss E. L. Slade, Benjamin P. Ware, David Nevins, Charles F. Donnelly, Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Hon. Henry O. Houghton, Laban Pratt, Albert A. H. Meredith, J. Arthur Beebe, Hon. George White, Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, William M. Horne, Edward H. Clement, Hezekiah Butterworth, William Dana Orcutt, Percival D. Richards, John D. Bryant, Nathaniel T. Kidder.

Treasurer, — Hon. Henry B. Hill.

Secretary, — Joseph L. Stevens.

Trustees of the Permanent Fund, — Charles P. Bowditch, Wm. Minot, Geo. T. Angell.

Auditor, — Laban Pratt.

Counsellor, — William Minot.

Prosecuting Agents at the Society's Boston Offices, — C. A. Currier, Thomas Langlan, Lemuel B. Burrill, Jas. R. Hathaway, Chas. F. Clark.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in July.

Whole number dealt with, 365; animals taken from work, 45; horses and other animals killed, 167.

TO WHOM DOES "Our Dumb Animals" GO EACH MONTH?

In the State.

1. All members of our two Humane Societies.
2. About 7000 Boston business firms and men.
3. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic.
4. All Massachusetts lawyers.
5. All Massachusetts physicians.
6. All Massachusetts bank presidents and cashiers.
7. All Massachusetts postmasters.
8. All Massachusetts school superintendents.
9. Large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers throughout the State.
10. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.
11. "Bands of Mercy" throughout the State.
12. Many subscribers and others throughout the State.
13. The Boston police.
14. The Massachusetts legislature.
15. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters.
16. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications.
17. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

18. All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world.
 19. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries.
 20. Thousands of our "Bands of Mercy" in our own and other countries.
 21. Members of our National Congress.
 22. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico.
 23. Writers, speakers, teachers and many others in various States and Territories.
 24. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.
- Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

TO FIRE COMMISSIONERS AND OFFICERS.

GENTLEMEN:

Please kindly consider whether it is not possible to have a few platform cars on all our railroads running between our principal cities, on which steam engines, in case of fire, can be easily and rapidly taken from one city to another—much more so than when drawn by horses.

A BOSTON ALDERMAN.

We notified the other day a Boston alderman that one of his employees had been abusing one of his horses.

We are glad to receive this morning a letter from him in which he subscribes to the Society \$5; says he will pay an additional \$5 in every case we find in which one of his employees has abused one of his horses, and adds: "I am of the opinion that your society is doing the noblest and most humane work of any society in existence."

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

We take pleasure in sending to J. F. Burke, Esq., President of the Atlanta Humane Society, a large package of our humane publications to be gratuitously distributed at the Atlanta Exposition; also another large package sent by request of Miss Sarah K. Davidson of Philadelphia, for which she has kindly contributed twenty-five dollars.

The first and larger package we give without charge, the last we furnish at the cost prices of the publications to us.

OUR AMBULANCE.

In answer to a suggestion in regard to our ambulance, the following appeared in various Boston dailies, August 19th and 20th:—

To the Editor of

Kindly permit me to say through your columns that the parties who have charge of our ambulance are instructed to furnish it in all cases of accident as promptly as possible, and that where the parties ordering are poor, the cost of using it is paid by our Society.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, President.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

FORM OF WILL.

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to "The American Humane Education Society," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of—[or if other property, describe the property].

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of—[or if other property, describe the property].

Or, I give, devise and bequeath to each of the Societies—"The American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," incorporated by special acts of the Legislature of Massachusetts, etc., etc.



AMUSEMENT WHICH INVOLVES NO CRUELTY.

From Engraver & Printer Co., 5 Park Square, Boston.

THE NOBLE GAME OF POLO.

What means this brave display? A broad, level field, with prancing horses and gay riders for a striking centrepiece, and encircled by long lines of stylish equipages, uniformed lackeys, with squared elbows, hold long whips and light colored reins over horses with shining coats, but alas! also with torturing check-reins and mutilated tails.

Behind them, in the carriages, are women clothed in rich garments with hats and sunshades.

It is a game of pony polo, the account of which will occupy an entire column in next Sunday's newspaper.

And now all eyes are turned toward the players, big, high-colored young men, in jaunty suits, seated on small horses, [mutilated for life] and holding long handled mallets in their right hands. The whistle sounds, and the wooden ball is thrown between the two opposing lines of men, who sit facing each other a distance of a few rods. The struggle begins at once. Each side endeavors to its utmost to force the ball, [by repeated strokes of the mallet, swung with a vim, from the horses' backs,] through the goal posts of its opponents.

The long spurs are buried deep into the sides of the little horses, which spring into fierce gallops, only to be pulled up, instantly, by a cruel bit, yanked and sawed by the muscular arm of a two hundred pounds specimen of the *genus homo*. They are twisted, halted, spurred on again recklessly, the blows falling from all the mallets aimed at the ball, but hitting everywhere. The contestants mingle in many a wild melee. The sticks play through the air like rapiers, falling frequently upon the horses' bodies and legs with terrific force; now one rider plunges full tilt into another, knocking horse and man sprawling on the sward. The animal scrambles up, every hair wet with perspiration and trembling violently, the rider lies quite still for a moment, then slowly and painfully rises and hobbles toward the surgeon's tent, [always and necessarily provided], while his fellows keep up the struggle as fiercely as before, until the ball is driven with a resounding click, between the tall posts.

Then follows applause from the delicate gloved hands in the carriages. The partially or wholly disabled horses are stripped of their equipments, which are placed upon fresh victims in time for the next call to the fray. The horses, if very tough, or very fortunate, may last for another season of this unmerciful game, but the best of them are soon worn out, and sold for trivial sums.

So far then as the beasts are concerned, this alleged sport is neither pleasant nor profitable. How about the human participants? Well, to say the least, polo has no elevating tendency, morally speaking, judging by the torrents of vociferous profanity that frequently issue from the struggling groups of players, without a murmur of disapprobation from the circle of fair and fashionable spectators.

The fact is, Mr. Editor, the whole thing is a cruel and demoralizing fad, which men, especially men of wealth, ability and influence ought to be ashamed to take up, and which ladies of pretensions to respect-

ability and refinement ought to be ashamed to countenance.

The vigor of youthful manhood can certainly find some more worthy and commendable expression, in these days of enlightenment and responsibility, than in this puerile and yet barbarous game.

All humane men and women should discountenance it, and it would seem to be especially the province of Anti-Cruelty Societies to censure and protest against it.

Aug. 2, 1895.

PLEBEIAN.

The above is, I believe, a true picture of a game which I think all humane people ought to regard as discreditable to every man who engages in it, and every woman who encourages it.

It seems to me a meaner sport than prize-fighting, because that involves no life mutilation or suffering to defenceless animals—and much meaner than it would be if these young men would fight their battles on foot and rain their blows only on the wooden ball and on each other; nor can I understand how any man or woman of kind heart or true nobility of character can engage in or encourage it.

If I had the power there should never be another such exhibition in Massachusetts or America.

It should share the fate of that equally cruel sport of shooting live pigeons from traps which, in spite of great opposition, we succeeded in driving out of this Commonwealth some years ago.

But what would you substitute?

Answer—Tennis, croquet, golf, bowling, cricket, lacrosse, archery, bicycle parties, sailing, rowing, swimming, riding, pitching quoits, properly conducted base-ball and foot-ball matches, running, leaping, hurling the stone, Appalachian explorations, studying with opera-glasses and kodaks the woods and their inhabitants, other athletics of various kinds, and all manly and womanly amusements which involve no animal suffering or wanton and useless destruction of innocent animal life.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

OUR COLLEGES.

Some students of the Episcopal St. Stephens' College at Annandale committed a most brutal outrage recently on a horse. They were having a late jollification. Next morning Prof. Anthony's horse was found in the stable devoid of its tail, mane and fore-top. The horse was bleeding. Prof. Anthony has offered \$50 and the citizens of Annandale \$100 for the discovery of the perpetrators.

Saratoga Monitor.

DR. CHAPMAN'S CHOLERA AND
DYSENTERY SYRUP.

We never advertise anything in "Our Dumb Animals" for money, but wish to say to our readers that for some thirty years we have never taken a summer journey without a small bottle of the above medicine, which claims to be purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is now manufactured by George Moore, at Great Falls, N. H., and sold by our druggists, Hollis Brothers, 23 Union Street, Boston, and very likely by others widely through the country, at fifty cents a bottle.

We have heard of wonderful cures by it of cases of summer complaint, and have several times by loaning our bottle had the satisfaction of seeing its good effects.

Once at Rye Beach, a lady not expected to live through the night was cured by it.

In our recent short trip to Maine, a lady at the hotel, in great agony, which the doctor did not relieve, was, after the second teaspoonful, free from pain and soon quite well.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

"Tis not through Eastern windows only
When morning comes, comes in the light;
Look Westward; all the land is bright."

The State of Washington having enacted a law requiring humane education in all its schools, we are now having poured in upon us letters from school superintendents and others calling for help. E. E. Page writes us from Olympia, proposing to prepare at once a Text Book to be used in all of the public schools, and asks permission to copy from our publications, and that we will also send them for gratuitous distribution, including several hundred copies of our autobiography with which to supply teachers, etc., etc. Mrs. Lydia A. Irons, State Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union" for the State of Washington, tells us of fifty-six addresses she has given, many children's meetings she has attended, and the large number of children she has caused to be already organized in our "Bands of Mercy."

THE POWER OF ONE IDEA.

To the thoughtful person it is a singular fact in regard to the human mind that it so frequently becomes fixed on a single idea as to exclude all others.

For instance, to the ardent lover there is only one woman in the world worthy of a moment's consideration—to the religious sectarian there is only one sect in the world that holds the truth—to the political partisan there is no good whatever outside of his political party.

We have in our correspondence many illustrations of the power of a single idea.

For instance: one man can think of nothing else but check-reins—another of nothing but blinders—another of nothing but the protection of birds—another of nothing but vivisection—another of nothing but transportation—another of nothing but methods of slaughtering, and so on *ad infinitum*.

To all these we give respectful and careful consideration, and then endeavor to do what seems to us on the whole most likely to result in the greatest good.

But we never forget that there is one subject infinitely more important than any or even all we have named, and that is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of addressing the great Biennial National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga Springs on the importance of teaching kindness to animals in Sunday schools. We began by stating that "The Springfield Republican" had just said that two great conventions were about to be held at the same time at Saratoga—the State Democratic and the National Unitarian—that they had no doubt the Democrats would satisfy the Unitarians that human nature was not always quite what the Unitarians were accustomed to think, and that they hoped the Unitarians would succeed in satisfying the Democrats that there was at least one God.

Without for one moment admitting that either political party was one whit better than the other, we told the Unitarians that it seemed to us that *The Springfield Republican* had in that short statement set forth the true mission of the Unitarian denomination—which was to go out into all the world and

put their brains and money into grand efforts to reach the masses who attended no church and would send their children to no Sunday school, and convince them that there was one God.

Then let the other denominations carry them as much farther as they could. GEO. T. ANGELL.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

A kind friend who has read our articles on public health in this paper sends us a check of fifty dollars, urging us to do our best to prevent the cruelties of vivisection, and suggesting that our colleges, medical and otherwise, should substitute for those cruelties a study into the causes of ill health and the best means of preventing it.

This, of course, would include, not only an investigation into all the poisonous and dangerous articles and adulterations of articles which enter into common use in every-day life—such as lead and galvanized iron pipes and tanks, dangerous water, tin canned goods, wall papers, adulterated foods, drinks, groceries, drugs, medicines, poisonous articles of clothing, ornament, &c., &c., but also into every subject which relates to public health.

We are assured that if any medical college would undertake in good faith this work, and cause its results to be widely published, the whole nation would be awakened to the importance of what we have many times urged.

Namely: the establishing of societies for the protection of public health, which, like our societies for the protection of animals, should be independent of all political and great financial interests, should employ their own chemists and microscopists and prosecuting officers, publish widely all their doings, and without fear or favor denounce everybody and everything which ought to be denounced.

THE OLD AGE OF THE PROTESTANT
CLERGYMAN.

Those who have not read what we said in our August issue upon the above subject can write us for a copy and receive it without charge.

ENOUGH SIGHT BETTER.

The good clergyman who, having left his sermon at home, told his congregation that he would read them a few chapters of the Book of Job "enough sight better," doubtless told the truth, for we have no doubt that most of our readers will agree that no sermon can surpass in interest the Bible.

It has always seemed to us that the great power of Dwight L. Moody is that he sticks so close to the Bible.

We suggested in our last issue that our great Sunday newspapers should, for the benefit of those who seldom or never read that book, give in each issue a few chapters [in large print] of the Bible.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SPANISH CRUELTY.

We have terrible accounts of cruelty practised upon dumb animals in the Canary Islands—far too terrible to be published in these columns.

We are considering plans of introducing Humane Education in the Spanish language into those islands and other Spanish-speaking countries.

If some American millionaire who is pouring or proposing to pour his money into colleges, which educate only the intellect and neglect the heart, could be induced to turn the current of his gifts into our "American Humane Education Society," what a wonderful work we might do, not only in our own country, but throughout the civilized world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SHUT THE WINDOW OR WATCH THE
MONKEY.

An account is sent us of a gentleman who was reading in his second story parlor while the chambermaid was putting his chamber in order, in which he had left a valuable diamond ring on the table. After the chambermaid left he heard a slight noise in the chamber and, looking in saw a long cord reaching from the window under his bed. Much surprised, he found a monkey attached to the cord and in the monkey's paw his diamond ring. The monkey dropped the ring, sprang for the window and jumped onto his master's shoulder, who immediately made off. The monkey had probably been taught to steal such articles, and if he had not been discovered the innocent chambermaid would probably have been tried and convicted and sentenced, as no other person had entered the chamber.

VIVISECTION. WILL SOME ONE
TELL US?

Will some one tell us precisely, or about how many animals have been experimented upon in any College or Medical School in America within the past year?—in how many, or about how many, cases there was no suffering to the animal, and what new and valuable discovery has been made through vivisection, in any American College or Medical School during the past year, or during the past ten years?

VIVISECTION—DON'T YOU THINK.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Don't you think that in your article on vivisection, in your August paper, you claim rather more credit for your two Societies than belongs to them?

Answer.—The readers of our autobiographical sketches will remember a little incident in which a Lord Bishop of the Church of England said to his Roman Catholic servant-girl one day: "I suppose, Bridget, that you think that I, being a Protestant and a heretic, will be finally lost." "Oh, no," said Bridget, "I doesn't think you will be lost, sir." "Why not, Bridget? How can I, being a Protestant and a heretic, be saved?" "Because of your hignorance, sir."

For the same reason we excuse our correspondent for asking the above question.

As long ago as December, 1868, a great many years before the formation of any anti-vivisection society in America, we published in one of the first numbers of "Our Dumb Animals," an article which excited so much attention and opposition that some of our [then] directors proposed to discontinue this [the first paper of its kind in the world] which we had labored so hard to establish.

We promptly offered to publish the paper ourselves and relieve the Society from all expense, and this proposition settled at once and forever any further discussion in regard to its discontinuance.

During over a quarter of a century, in lectures and addresses, from Maine to New Orleans one way, and from Maine to Dakota another, we have called attention to the subject, saying nothing of frequent articles upon it in "Our Dumb Animals."

We have sent off tens of thousands of publications devoted to it over this country and the world—have petitioned both of our great medical societies in regard to it, and asked the opinion of every physician in Massachusetts.

We have offered in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" prizes to the amount of \$600 [and paid prizes to the amount of \$500] for the best essays in regard to it, and the best plans of limiting and preventing.

Since the establishment of anti-vivisection societies we have contributed several times towards circulating such of their publications as seemed to us to be most useful.

We have obtained the first law in the world prohibiting it in our public schools, and have offered a prize of \$25 for evidence which shall enable us in any case to convict.

We have sent articles upon it through "Our Dumb Animals" and otherwise, to the editors of every publication in North America north of Mexico, also our law which declares that in Massachusetts any man who "torments or tortures any animal will be liable to a fine of \$250, or a year's imprisonment, or both such fine and imprisonment," and we have a standing offer of a prize of \$100 for evidence which shall enable us to convict.

This is only a part of what we have said and done in regard to the prevention of cruelty in vivisection.

If our correspondent can find any other society in the world which has said or done more, we shall be glad to publish it in this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A THOUGHT.

Sarah Bernhardt says: "If I am in a crowd of people and a dog or cat is near, it will come naturally to me without my making the slightest movement. Why this is the case I cannot say, unless there is developed in me another sense, the existence of which animals at once perceive."—Boston Herald.

A wild goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not mend.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

OUR HUMANE HORSE BOOK.

We have an immense demand for our new "Humane Horse Book," which we send everywhere for five cents, which is much less than its cost.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country.—*Boston Courier*.

Horse owners and drivers should have copies of "The Humane Horse Book." Man as well as beast will be benefitted by it.—*Fall River Herald*.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Four Months in New Hampshire," paper covers, 6 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these four, cloth bound, 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents. They have no cheap edition.

"The Humane Horse Book" we sell far below cost, at 5 cents per copy.

Our last edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" was 20,000.

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them, and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

OUR NEW HUMANE HORSE BOOK.

We are delighted at the praise given to our new "Humane Horse Book" by the press in various parts of our country.

The "Boston Evening Traveller" gives an entire column to telling the good things it contains. The editor declares it to be "chock full of horse sense."

A valuable book, comprehensive, reliable, and thoroughly sensible. The book is published by "The American Humane Education Society," 19 Milk Street, Boston. It is the desire of the Society to distribute copies gratuitously, and it asks from those who love the horse such contributions as will enable it to do so. Those who wish to pay for a copy can send five cents, in stamps, or otherwise, to the Society's address.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

An excellent little book for everybody's attention. It gives numerous practical hints about the care of horses, and besides this preaches kindness to animals in a very persuasive and convincing way—by anecdotes, by advice, and by appeals to the better feelings of men and children. It is sold for five cents, and should be distributed everywhere.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE BEST PLAN OF SETTLING THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Send for these prize essays published by "Our American Humane Education Society," and receive a copy without charge.

A SUMMER CONCERT.

King Summer gives a concert grand
Within his palace green,
Where all the fashion, rank and wealth
Of woodland may be seen.

The hall is painted green and brown,
The ceiling sapphire blue;
The floor is laid with carpeting
Of many a gorgeous hue.

Great artists true, and not a few,
Came flocking at his call,
And when the concert's over, 'twill
Be followed by a ball.

Sweet Robin sings a carol gay,
With many a shake and trill,
While Blackbird on his rustic pipe
Exhibits wonderful skill.

Tom Frog has brought his big trombone,
Phil Woodpecker his drum;
And Linnets, Finches, tiny Tits,
To swell the chorus come.

Jack Sparrow gaily struts about
With modest Jenny Wren;
Good Parson Rook hopes wedding fees,
And caws a gruff Amen.

Queen Rose and Lily, Violet sweet,
And modest Harebell blue,
Pale Primrose, Daisy, Daffodil,
Speedwell and Woodbine too.

A gay selection for the dance
The rustling breezes play,
Of waltzes, reels, and minuets,
Quadrilles, and polkas gay.

King Summer sends you tickets all,
Post-paid to every part:
The court-dress needful is a smile,
The price a merry heart.

And while all this is being done
'Twould surely make one weep,
To see that 'neath the rising sun
Our boy's in bed asleep!

Wake up! and hear the birdies sing!
Come, join the concert grand;
And praise the everlasting King
Whose mercies fill the land.



ALPS—THE MATTERHORN.

14,771 feet high.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

In the matter of tolerating social nuisances, Americans are accused of being a very long-suffering people; but whatever their practice they will always be ready to cry, "Served him right!" In every case like the following, the story of which comes from England. In a railway carriage sat a pale, middle-aged lady, a slender youth hardly out of his teens, and a burly looking Squire.

At one of the stations a young man got in, holding a lighted cigarette in his hand, and as the smoke curled in the lady's face she coughed.

"This is not a smoking carriage," said the youth.

"I'm not smoking," retorted the new comer. "I dare say my cigarette will keep till we get to the next station."

"Tobacco smoke makes my mother ill, and I must ask you to put out your cigarette."

"I'm not smoking, and I shall not do it."

"Then I'll make you!" said the lad. His face had grown pale, and as he arose the other put out a formidable fist which would probably have crippled his opponent.

But now a strange thing happened. The burly Squire had hitherto remained quite passive, but he now produced something which glittered in the sunlight: there was a click, and the young man with the cigarette was handcuffed.

"You will pick up your cigarette and throw it out of the window," said the Squire, who proved to be a detective dressed for some important work.

The cigarette was clumsily picked up with both hands and dropped out of the window. Just then the train rolled into a station, and the young man was given his liberty, which he hastened to use by slipping out of the carriage.—*Hamilton (Illinois) Press*.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

SCALED THE MATTERHORN.

In the *Boston Morning Herald* of August 22, we find that Miss Annie S. Peck, of Providence, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and for some time a Professor at Smith's College, Northampton, has succeeded in being the third woman in the world to scale the Matterhorn.

The account given of her success is very interesting, but too long for this paper; but through the kindness of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, we are enabled to present to our readers a splendid view of the Matterhorn, 14,771 feet high [nearly two and a half times the height of Mount Washington], and the summit of which Miss Peck has been the third woman in the world to reach.

HE KNEW.

The teacher of the Sunday-school class was telling the little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yesem," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat; and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—*Boston Courier*.

GOOD HORSE LANGUAGE.

I had a colt at one time and taught him to say "yes," and "no," by nodding his head.

I would ask him: "Have you had your oats?" If he had he would nod his head up and down. I would then say, "Do you want more?" He would again bob his head up and down. If he had not been fed he would shake his head from side to side. Then I would say, "Do you want some?" and he would shake it up and down.

The horse Dick was kept in a box-stall and had a full-sized house window to look out of. In the morning, just as I came in sight, Dick would be at the window watching, and the instant he saw me would neigh.

In time I fixed a clock to ring an electric bell for feed time. Dick would be standing watching through the window, everything quiet. Suddenly the bell would ring and almost at the same instant Dick's neigh would be heard. It was good horse language, easily understood. FRANCIS W. UNDERWOOD.

MAJOR.

At a beautiful summer home at Beverly Farms, two happy young brothers have as a favorite companion through the grounds, the woods, on the beach and in water, a fine Newfoundland dog. Major and I had met occasionally, as I came and went to and from the house. At first we looked askance at each other, but soon came to have a mutual confidence, yet I, not having entirely outgrown my old-time childish dread of his kind, feeling still a sudden fear and trembling on a close approach, gladly dispensed with cordial attentions, so I was allowed to pass unquestioned, while Major on his side was not disposed to be obtrusive, but quietly regarded me at an agreeable distance, or, still more agreeably, suffered me to pass unnoticed.

This was the stage of our acquaintance, when one evening, on leaving the house, I was first conscious that the summer twilight had grown to the darkness of night, and I must go through the woods to my lodgings. There was no one to accompany me to whom the walk back would not be just as unpleasant as to me to take alone. In my hesitation I turned to Major, whose black figure was lying near the door. "Major! Good fellow, Major." Major heard the conciliatory flattery with dignified disregard, making no sign. He evidently thought it commonplace trifling and unworthy of response. Then I made a direct appeal to him. In the same tone of voice and manner in which I would have requested anyone, I said to him:—

"Major, I must go home through the woods. It is very dark in them, and I am afraid! There may be a big, bad man there. Please go with me, Major."

Instantly, without a second's delay, he started, taking a nearer road than the one most frequently used, led the way, going with me to the wall, which I had only to cross, and the road to reach my door. There I stopped, and told him it was unnecessary he should go farther, and formally thanked him for his kind service to me. He waited but briefly for me to pat his head and bid him "good night," which I did with as sincere respect as I would feel for any other intelligent, good-hearted friend, and he immediately returned to his home, as I to mine.

We were the best of friends after this evidence of his quick mind and conscience, showing that the rule that we like those whom we have befriended, holds good with dogs as well. He would greet me friendly, coming to me for a pleasant word and to pat his head, or, having opportunity, lay his nose in my hand, expressing his sentiment as well as one can to whom speech is not given. The lives of animals vary as widely, perhaps, in enjoyment, as those of human beings, though, unlike them, no blame attaches for their misfortunes. Major's lines are fallen in pleasant places. Long may he live to enjoy them.—*Boston Advertiser*.

ONE OF OUR CLERGYMEN

owns a parrot. Polly has naturally become religious and learned several phrases of his master's profession. But one day this irresponsible worshipper got, nobody knew how, into church during service, and as it was behaving itself nobody disturbed it where it sat perched on a pew, for the remedy might have proved worse than the evil.

At last the clergyman announced a hymn.

"Let us sing," said he, "the four hundred and first hymn."

But at this point Polly was in another frame of devotion—and immediately it exhorted the congregation contradictorily, "Let us pray."—*Boston Herald*.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinarian that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinarian stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

PUSS BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

During the most interesting situations in "Clover," at Palmer's Theatre on Saturday evening, a large, tiger-marked cat, which belongs to the stage door-keeper, walked on the stage, just inside the footlights. The cat proceeded leisurely until it came to the centre of the stage, and then it turned toward the audience, at the same time directly facing the musical director, Herr Nowak, and began solemnly to stroke its whiskers. The house was crowded and the scene in the opera absorbing, but this was too much for the audience, and a ripple of laughter began to spread. Herr Nowak's fat sides began to shake with suppressed merriment; De Wolf Hopper looked at Eugene Oudin as if he would have given a thousand dollars for one good shout of laughter; Marion Manola took refuge in her black lace veil, while plump little Annie Myers grew rosier and rosier until she seemed about to have an apoplectic stroke. Von Suppe was forgotten; all eyes were on—the cat.

Suddenly with a bang the kettledrums rattled, the violins shrieked in unison, and with a great start Herr Nowak gave a vigorous sweep of his baton, the singers recovered themselves, and the cat, with tail in the air and each individual hair on its body standing erect, turned and cleared the space to the wings with one leap.—*New York Sun*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

MR. EDITOR:—As I was riding in the cars last week I formed the acquaintance of a venerable lady who sat behind me. She was earnest in her defence of dumb animals, and in praise of your Society. She gave me a bit of her experience, which I desire to tell you in her language, as far as my memory serves.

"We were going from A. to S. one day. My nephew, a lad of fourteen, was driver; beside him was a grandchild, and before, a pair of favorite horses. We came round a sharp turn in the road, and at the foot of a steep hill found a quadruped and a biped. The former was a noble-looking horse, the latter an unmistakable brute. The horse was harnessed to a farm wagon, containing perhaps half a ton; the man was beating him, and shouting loud enough to be heard a mile away. I told Eddie to stop, and I said to the man, 'Please don't whip that horse any more.' He answered churlishly that he thought he knew his own business. I thought he did not, but kept it to myself. I kept talking to him pleasantly, as I wished to gain time for the panting horse. After a few minutes, I said, 'You think, probably, that women don't know how to manage balky horses, but I have been accustomed to ride and drive ever since I was twelve years of age. If you'll allow me, I would like to try your horse, and if I fail with him, I will help you up the hill with my team.' He looked annoyed, but after a little hesitation said, 'All right, you can try.' I stepped from my carriage and went at once to his horse's head, which I loosed from the vile check. He dropped his head, and, as if he knew I was his friend, he turned his face towards me for a good look. I patted him on the neck and face for a minute, and we soon were on the best of terms. Soon I mounted the wagon, and indicated my wish by slightly pulling one rein, and saying 'come.' He started promptly, and went straight up the hill to the top, when I stopped him! His owner followed. To his credit be it said, he removed his hat, helped me from the wagon, and said, 'I thank you; you have taught me a lesson.'"

THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

BY CARLOTTA FERRY.

I hear a wail from the woodland,
A cry from the forests dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass
I hear the fitful cry, alas!

It drowns the throb of music,
The laughter of childhood sweet,
It seems to rise to the very skies,
As I walk the crowded street;
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings
His song of grace in the archer's face,
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O! lovely, unthinking maiden,
The wing that adorns your hat
Has the radiance rare that God placed there,
But I see in place of that
A mockery pitiful, deep and sad,
Of all things happy, and gay and glad.

O! mother, you clasp your darling
Close to your loving breast;
Think of that other, that tender mother,
Brooding upon her nest!
In the little chirp from the field and wood,
Does no sound touch your motherhood?
That little dead bird on your bonnet,
Is it worth the cruel wrong?
The beauty you wear so proudly there
Is the price of a silenced song;
The humming-bird on your velvet dress
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,
A voice from the forests dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, my sister,
Above the heartless behest
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,
Despoiling the songful nest?
Above that voice have you never heard
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

CHRISTIAN BARBARISM.

The offering of prizes of agricultural fairs for the yokes of oxen *drawing the heaviest loads*, with the accompanying whipping, yelling and strain on the unfortunate animals, is almost as barbarous as the Spanish and Mexican bull-fights, and ought to be denounced by every humane man, whether he claims to be a Christian or not.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk. Throwing stones at her, frightening her, even talking unkindly to her, may poison the milk.

EFFECT OF WAR ON ANIMALS.

[FOR OUR ARMED SUNDAY SCHOOLS.]

"All supplies for Rosecrans had to be brought from Nashville. Owing to the position of General Bragg they had to be hauled by a circuitous route, over a mountainous country, over sixty miles. The country afforded but little food for his animals, nearly ten thousand of which had already starved, and not enough were left to draw a single piece of artillery."

"The roads were strewn with the debris of broken wagons and the carcasses of thousands of starved mules and horses."

(Personal memoirs of U. S. Grant. Vol. 2. Pages 24 and 28.)

A GOOD BISHOP.

We are glad to be informed by the Rev. Andrew Gray, D.D., that the Rt. Rev. Geo. F. Seymour, Episcopal Bishop of Springfield, Ill., has requested all the clergy of his diocese to devote one sermon each year to a consideration of our responsibility to the brute creation.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

[FOR EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.]

Soft was the summer in the sun,
Through woods and level fields of green
The Merrimack his moist web spun,
Holding within his mirrored gleam
The form of cloud, and hill, and field,
Imprinted on his limpid shield.

Low hum the mills: a dreamy whirr,
Like baritone of bumble-bee;
While in the meadows insects stir
Their quaint and drowsy melody,
As over all great seas of blue
Poise exquisite with summer's hue.

'Twere forty years ago. The day,
With all its shining pictures, fills
My sight as though but yesterday—
The lowlands sweeping into hills;
The mills, the fields, far drifts of sky,
And the broad river gliding by.

Proud as a boy, within my hand
I held what I had coveted;
And none were prouder in the land
Of princely gifts, when I, a lad,
With rifle on my shoulder, stood,
With pulse of martial brotherhood.

Into the woodlands, where the hush
Was scarcely broken by the note
Of living thing, not even thrush
From pinney minaret awoke
The silence, where the cool airs fell
Across my brooding sentinel.

I waited! watched! S-h-h-h! See the spray
Of covert movement in the light!
As gracefully a flash of grey—
An instant! Crack! A dizzy flight,
And down upon the pine cones fell
The winsome hermit of the dell.

I was a boy! 'Tis forty years
Since at my feet the victim lay;
But in time's log book, stained with tears,
Are lessons of that summer day,
When in my hand I took the form
Of the dead squirrel, limp and warm.

I was like most boys: Careless, free!
Aping the older lessons shown.
To have a rifle was to me
A manly gift, a prize to own.
But in my heart the martial pride
Seemed silenced when the squirrel died.

So when I saw its fruits, and held
The mangled figure in my hand,
I would have given much to weld
Its form again into the land
Of mellow sunlight, and to bring
In place of blood life's hallowed spring.

To give it back where breezes swung
And rocked its swaying hammock, sweet
With perfumes and aglint with sun;
To know within its coy retreat
No rifle shot should maim or mar
The figure with its cruel scar!

What right by every strain of gift
Had I to stain this peaceful scene?
To bring a blur upon this rift
Of peace and sunshine? Why should gleam
And flare and shot sweep this bright thing
All mangled by my rifle's sting?

The balsam breath of air was rolled
In slant of sunshine, sifting through
Upon the deep, rich needle mold,
Whose golden tapestries, with new
And ever changing, rare designs,
Were woven from the loom of pines.

'Twere forty years ago, I made
In velvet moss beneath the trees
The hollows of a dainty grave,
While nature breathed soft symphonies;
And never since has living thing
E'er shuddered at my rifle's sting.

Boston, Mass.

F. O. EVERETT.

After the marriage of a young couple, sometime since, the young husband said to his wife: "Now, my dear, somebody must be President, shall it be you or I?"

"Well," was the reply, "you shall be President and I will be Treasurer."
Very sensible woman that.

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

An entomologist in the *Hartford* (Conn.) *Times* says, that the persistent use of oil of lavender will drive flies out of a house, and an application to face and hands at night before retiring will, no matter how many mosquitoes there may be in the bed-chamber, drive them from the sleeper. [Buy five cents' worth of oil of lavender, mix it with the same amount of water, and use a small atomizer to spray it.]



GOING HOME.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When Robinson Crusoe found himself on an uninhabited island he immediately set to work to do the best he could under the circumstances.

We find ourselves in this world without choice of our own.

Whence we came from we do not know. Whether we have had any prior existence we do not know.

Exactly where each of us will go when we leave this world we do not know.

We find it a world of mixed good and evil—happiness and suffering.

Now what is the wise thing to do?

We answer—strive to make it as happy a world as we can—strive to lessen evil—strive to lessen suffering—strive to stop every form of cruelty and crime.

Strive, in the words of the seal of our *American Humane Education Society*, for "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every living creature."

CRUELTY IN FISHING.

Live bait ought never to be used. To take a living minnow and thrust a hook through its back, and then to jerk it 50 or 60 feet through the air, in order that it may wriggle in agony at the end of the line until it attracts some other fish to swallow it, is about as wanton a piece of cruelty as anyone could invent, and unsportsmanlike. The skillful fisherman will use a fly or some other device by which the fish he wishes to capture may be deceived and caught. *The live minnow is the bait of the blunderer, not of the expert.*

Even experienced fishermen sometimes commit another sort of cruelty which ought never to be practiced. They think that their fish must be kept alive as long as possible, and therefore run a string through its gills and throw it overboard, to be hauled after the boat.

This is as foolish as it is cruel. When the fish has a string through its gills it cannot breathe. It is slowly strangled to death, and if it is hauled through the water after the boat it is simply drowned in its own element. *Fish, when taken, should be immediately killed.* That is the only way to prevent needless suffering, and we may add that it is the best way to bring the fish home in good condition.

Our best fishermen now carry little batons or clubs and kill the fish as soon as taken from the water by a sharp blow on the back of the head.

Greenfield Courier.

Said a good sister in her testimony at a late camp meeting: "My husband opposed my coming to this sacred spot, but I can truthfully say that in coming here I have received a blessing, and I know that when I reach home my husband will get a blessing." No one seemed to doubt her.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—*Holmes.*

FROM THE TWO ARMIES.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[For our Armed Sunday Schools.]

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows dark between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossomed-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When Spring rolls in her sea green surf
In flowery foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
And count each burning life-drops' flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

HUNTERS' SPORT.

[FOR EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.]

To call it sport does not change the fact that animals hunted to death are just as surely killed as if knocked on the head by the butcher. If the hunter would stop and think of the pain he is inflicting his sympathy would disarm his sport. This actually happened during a recent deer-hunt in Tennessee. After the sportsmen had chased the deer for several miles, and the hounds were close at its heels, the frightened animal turned suddenly, and running up to one of the hunters, tucked its head under his arm as if for protection. No one had the heart to kill the animal, and the hunt was abandoned.—*The Holy Family.*

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" she said. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That's because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

Harper's Bazar.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 22483 Columbus, Ohio.
Sullivant School.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Miss Hargue.
- 22484 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Hennessey.
- 22485 Wm. McKinley Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
- 22486 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Patton.
- 22487 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Chandler.
- 22488 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Gordon.
- 22489 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Criswell.
- 22490 Franklinton School.
Clara Barton Band.
P., Katharine Ritson.
- 22491 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Koerner.
- 22492 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Getz.
- 22493 Lily Band.
P., Miss Davis.
- 22494 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Bainter.
- 22495 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Pfeiffer.
- 22496 Robin Band.
P., Miss Snay.
- 22497 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Nesmith.
- 22498 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Tassing.
- 22499 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Davis.
- 22500 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 22501 Avondale School.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Anna M. Osgood.
- 22502 Harriet B. Stowe Band.
P., Edie L. Bainter.
- 22503 Helpers Band.
P., Miss Miller.
- 22504 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Aikin.
- 22505 Wm. Penn Band.
P., Miss Tucker.
- 22506 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Ponzello.
- 22507 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Belt.
- 22508 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Crawford.
- 22509 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 22510 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Gates.
- 22511 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Dent.
- 22512 The King Band.
P., Miss Leib.
- 22513 Blossom Band.
P., Miss Armstrong.
- 22514 First Ave. School.
Hawthorne Band.
P., Tine Schreyer.
- 22515 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Graham.
- 22516 Fontleroy Band.
P., Miss Stimuel.
- 22517 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Graham.
- 22518 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Krichhorn.
- 22519 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Barton.
- 22520 Earnest Workers Band.
P., Miss Willoughby.
- 22521 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 22522 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Earhart.
- 22523 Spring Beauty Band.
P., Miss Thomas.
- 22524 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Biddle.
- 22525 Little Helpers Band.
P., _____.
- 22526 Violet Band.
P., Miss Martin.
- 22527 Fifth Ave. School.
Lowell Band.
P., C. S. Barrett.
- 22528 Celia Thaxter Band.
P., Miss Shoemaker.
- 22529 Killingsworth Band.
P., Miss Shoemaker.
- 22530 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Fassig.
- 22531 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Kunkler.
- 22532 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Denig.
- 22533 Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Crook.
- 22534 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Pratt.
- 22535 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Dickerson.
- 22536 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Bratton.
- 22537 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Keicher.
- 22538 Alice Carey Band.
P., Miss MacKenzie.
- 22539 Johnny Jump Up Band.
P., Miss Spring.
- 22540 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Skinner.
- 22541 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Morin.
- 22542 Sunnyside Band.
P., Miss Junker.
- 22543 Second Ave. School.
J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Annie Hull.
- 22544 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Goodell.
- 22545 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Coffey.
- 22546 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Hawley.
- 22547 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Fritsche.
- 22548 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Beach.
- 22549 Liberty Band.
P., Miss Hanawalt.
- 22550 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Conklin.
- 22551 Working Workers Band.
P., Miss Evans.
- 22552 Wm. Penn Band.
P., Miss Bridge.
- 22553 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Davis.
- 22554 Morning Glory Band.
P., Miss Ingersoll.
- 22555 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Bancroft.
- 22556 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Mulligan.
- 22557 Highland Ave. School.
Helping Hand Band.
P., J. C. Mead.
- 22558 Willing Workers Band.
P., Lulu Henry.
- 22559 Sunshine Band.
P., Ada Jones.
- 22560 Little Workers Band.
P., Jola Z. Wickham.
- 22561 Sunbeam Band.
P., Starr Hunter.
- 22562 Medary School.
Busy Bee Band.
P., K. Rodenfels.
- 22563 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Horne.
- 22564 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Martin.
- 22565 Lily Band.
P., Miss Parks.
- 22566 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Smith.
- 22567 Wake Robin Band.
P., Miss Corbin.
- 22568 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Bunker.
- 22569 Northwood School.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Jessie A. Neate.
- 22570 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Bunker.
- 22571 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Burnham.
- 22572 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Mains.
- 22573 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Smith.
- 22574 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Maddox.
- 22575 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Condit.
- 22576 Hiawatha Band.
P., Miss Mullan.
- 22577 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Garner.
- 22578 Park St. School.
Stevenson Band.
P., Helen Millay.
- 22579 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Nevlin.
- 22580 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Naddy.
- 22581 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Greenwood.
- 22582 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Ayers.
- 22583 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Blakely.
- 22584 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Neercamer.
- 22585 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Strickler.
- 22586 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Richards.
- 22587 Little Helpers Band.
P., Ada Price.
- 22588 Longfellow Band.
P., Nellie Price.
- 22589 Violet Band.
P., Miss Neercamer.
- 22590 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Wallace.
- 22591 Sibert School.
Busy Bee Band.
P., Louise Bauer.
- 22592 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Kochl.
- 22593 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Kaefer.
- 22594 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Schaeferle.
- 22595 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Schwarz.
- 22596 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Becker.
- 22597 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Ochs.
- 22598 Violet Band.
P., Miss Viet.
- 22599 Southwood School.
Longfellow Band.
P., Mary Esper.
- 22600 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Fassig.
- 22601 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Martini.
- 22602 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Olmhausen.
- 22603 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Schaub.
- 22604 Stewart Ave. School.
Columbus Band.
P., Anton Hungenman.
- 22605 Columbia Band.
P., Miss Hemmy.
- 22606 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Pfeiffer.
- 22607 Schiller Band.
P., Miss Buchsieb.
- 22608 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Volk.
- 22609 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Fischer.
- 22610 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Kiefer.
- 22611 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Hoffman.
- 22612 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Pausch.
- 22613 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Fischer.
- 22614 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Viet.
- 22615 Violet Band.
P., Miss Wendt.
- 22616 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Butterfield.
- 22617 Eighth Ave. School.
Lowell Band.
P., Mary E. Cunningham.
- 22618 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Phelps.
- 22619 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Cunningham.
- 22620 Wm. Penn Band.
P., Miss Crane.
- 22621 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Mulligan.
- 22622 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Abbott.
- 22623 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Fassig.
- 22624 Columbia Band.
P., Miss Voke.
- 22625 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Bailey.
- 22626 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Scott.
- 22627 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Skinner.
- 22628 Lincenburgh, Vt.
Pansy Band.
P., Miss Clema Silsby.
- 22629 Providence, R. I.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Annie Carnoe.
- 22630 Philadelphia, Pa.
Lincoln Band.
P., Corinne B. Arnold.
- 22631 Beloit, Kansas.
Mayview Band.
P., Miss Minnie Macy.
- 22632 Worcester, Mass.
Worcester Band.
P., Archie L. Mackie.
- 22633 Pomona, Fla.
Pomona Band.
Sec., E. B. Olmstead.
- 22634 Globe, Arizona.
Junior League Band.
P., Sadie Ramsdell.
- 22635 Providence, R. I.
Sunshine Band.
P., B. Johnson.
- 22636 Orillia, Ont.
Separate School Band No. 1.
P., Rev. Father Duffy.
- 22637 Separate School Band No. 2.
P., Rev. Father Duffy.
- 22638 Separate School Band No. 3.
P., Rev. Father Duffy.
- 22639 Separate School Band No. 4.
P., Rev. Father Duffy.
- 22640 Mt. Slaven Day School Band.
P., Theresa Lamphier.
- 22641 High School Band, Div. A.
P., Mr. Geo. Rogers.
- 22642 High School Band, Div. B.
P., Mr. D. Thompson.
- 22643 High School Band, Div. C.
P., Miss Wattersworth.
- 22644 High School Band, Div. D.
P., Miss Williams.
- 22645 High School Band, Div. E.
P., Mr. Q. Ryerson.
- 22646 Central School Band, Div. 1.
P., Miss Grant.
- 22647 Central School Band, Div. 2.
P., Geo. McKee.
- 22648 Central School Band, Div. 3.
P., Miss Rose.
- 22649 Central School Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Cozzins.
- 22650 Central School Band, Div. 5.
P., Miss Westley.
- 22651 Central School Band, Div. 6.
P., Mr. B. Tudhope.
- 22652 Central School Band, Div. 7.
P., Mr. Allan.
- 22653 Central School Band, Div. 8.
P., Mr. L. Willard.
- 22654 West School Band, Div. 1.
P., Mr. I. D. Knox.
- 22655 West School Band, Div. 2.
P., Mr. I. McKay.
- 22656 West School Band, Div. 3.
P., M. I. Thompson.
- 22657 West School Band, Div. 4.
P., Miss Kirkpatrick.
- 22658 West School Band, Div. 5.
P., Miss McPherson.
- 22659 West School Band, Div. 6.
P., Miss King.
- 22660 South School Band, Div. 1.
P., Miss Christie.
- 22661 South School Band, Div. 2.
P., Miss Helyer.
- 22662 Methodist Ch. School Band.
P., Rev. Barber.
- 22663 Three Rivers, Que.
Methodist Ch. School Band.
P., S. Treumann.
- 22664 Presbyterian Church Band.
P., A. Houlston, L.L.B.
- 22665 High School Band.
P., Jno. Douglas, B. A.
- 22666 Model School Band.
P., Miss Melrose.
- 22667 Primary School Band.
P., Miss M. Catchoon.
- 22668 Long Prairie, Minn.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. B. F. Kephart.
- 22669 Washington, D. C.
Gales School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., H. E. Barton.
- 22670 Star Band.
P., A. S. Tucker.
- 22671 Crusaders Band.
P., Mamie Keogh.
- 22672 Gales Band.
P., K. T. Brown.
- 22673 Robins Band.
P., O. A. Ebert.
- 22674 Defenders Band.
P., B. M. Pearson.
- 22675 Bayly Band.
P., Margaret Bayly.
- 22676 Kindness Band.
P., Miss M. T. Ennis.
- 22677 Patterson Band.
P., Frances M. Moore.
- 22678 Washington Band.
P., C. C. Mcloy.
- 22679 True Band.
P., J. T. Cavanagh.
- 22680 Helping Band.
P., Susie Purcell.
- 22681 Soldiers' Home.
Woodburn Rock Creek Band.
P., Mrs. A. C. B. Parot.
- 22682 Jones School.
Longfellow Band.
P., H. A. Heblron.
- 22683 Golden Rule Band.
P., M. E. Burrell.
- 22684 Whittier Band.
P., A. S. Payne.
- 22685 Douglas Band.
P., R. J. Baldwin.
- 22686 Montgomery Band.
P., K. C. Lewis.
- 22687 Sunshine Band.
P., B. Johnson.
- 22688 Jones Band.
P., A. E. Bush.
- 22689 Lincoln Band.
P., C. G. Jones.
- 22690 Jones Band.
P., A. E. Brooks.
- 22691 Helpers Band.
P., M. E. Barney.
- 22692 Grant Band.
P., M. Grant Lucas.
- 22693 Blair School.
Northeast Band.
P., Ellen F. Goodwin.
- 22694 Washington Band.
P., Gertrude A. Phillips.
- 22695 Blair Band.
P., Alice M. Clayton.
- 22696 Blair Annex Band.
P., M. R. O'Brien.
- 22697 Columbus Band.
P., E. Devlin.
- 22698 Golden Band.
P., M. C. Bresnahan.
- 22699 Juvenile Band.
P., M. E. Bannon.
- 22700 Busy Bee Band.
P., M. D. Jack.
- 22701 Goodwin Band.
P., M. L. Bresnahan.
- 22702 Happy Band.
P., Daisy C. Alivine.
- 22703 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Ulke.
- 22704 Hyattsville, Md.
Inglewood Band.
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- 22705 Inglewood, N. C.
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P., Miss Irene Webster.
- 22733 Good Deeds Band.
P., Miss Lottie Allen.

"Bridget, you've been eating onions," said a lady to her servant.

"And sure you're a moind reader, mem," was the reply.

GOD AND THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

CONFESSION.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day,
When cook missed her custard, and everyone said
It was puss that had stole it away.
You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,
So in course you got blamed, an'—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she clared she would beat
The thief out that mizzable cat!
But I—didn't feel comfort'ble down in my heart,
So I saved you the whippin', you see,
'Cause I went to mamma, an' telled her I 'spect
She'd better tell cook to whip me.

'Cause the custard was stole by a bad little girl
Who felt drefelly sorry with shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame!
"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said,
I felt drefelly scared, but I nodded my head,
An' then mamma laughed. "Go find nurse, for I
guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."
Well, then, 'course they knew
It was I, an' not you,
Who stole all the custard an' then ran away.
But it's best to be true
In the things that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

Churchman.

A MERRY TEACHER.

On the swinging branches
Of the apple tree
Bobolink is sitting,
Peering down at me.
Now he flies and flutters
Through the laughing leaves,
Breaking nature's net-work
Which the sunshine weaves.
Birdie, sing your carol!
None shall harm you here.
Ah! his throat's a tremble;
Catch his warble clear.
"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
How I love to sing!
Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Don't the echoes ring?"

Merry little songster,
How my pulses thrill,
Listening to your chorus
Floating o'er the hill!
Let me learn your measure;
Teach me all your art:
I've a song to warble
From a thankful heart.
Sing again, more slowly;
Let me catch each note.
There, he'll give an answer;
See his swelling throat.
"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
This is all I know.
Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Thus my measures go."

MAY M. ANDERSON.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is 'look out,'" he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out!' which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrairie."

Church Treasurer—"Why do you limit your contribution to a nickel? Don't you know that the Lord loves a cheerful giver?" Brother A.—"Oh, yes! And that is why I give only a nickel."—*Ram's Horn.*

Watch the teeth of the old horse.



"THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS ARE HIS."

INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

BY A "KING'S DAUGHTER."

It was the early twilight of a rainy Saturday afternoon. The streets were slippery with mud and both horse and steam cars were crowded with people eager to reach their homes, where they could exchange wet garments and dripping umbrellas for the warmth and shelter of the fireside. In one of the trains leading out of Boston sat a middle-aged woman and a little girl. As frequently happens on Saturday, the cars were full and the conductor had all he could do to elbow his way down the aisle. He punched the tickets rapidly, wasting no time in words. On reaching the child, he said briefly, "We don't stop at Revere. Go on to Lynn, and take the next train back."

Only two or three people overheard the remark. These glanced carelessly at the little girl, saw that she had an older attendant, and busied themselves again in reading or conversation. The woman seemed to fidget somewhat, but asked no questions. She kept glancing around, apparently scanning the faces of her fellow-passengers. Presently the car grew very warm, and a young lady sitting in the seat behind unfastened her cloak and threw it partially off. As she did so, the rays from a lamp overhead fell upon a tiny, silver cross fastened to her dress. It caught the eye of the woman, who instantly exclaimed, "O, you are a King's Daughter! I recognize the badge. Now I feel easy, for I know you will help me."

"Certainly, if I can," was the ready response.

Thereupon she told her story. The child at her side was an entire stranger, returning to her home in Revere. An aunt who accompanied her to the station, heedlessly put her in the wrong train, merely saying to the occupant of the seat, "Please see that Nellie gets off all right," when the signal for starting was given.

"I am a stranger in these parts," continued the woman, "and my destination is far from Boston. I know nothing about this road. It seems cruel to leave a child only nine years old to find her way alone on a dark, rainy night in a strange place. What if it were my little girl," and she smiled kindly upon Nellie, who, with child-like confidence, was not at all disturbed by the state of affairs.

Fortunately, the young lady was thoroughly familiar with the road, and was able to tell the hour of a return train to Revere. She knew, too, the location of the ticket office, and felt sure that there would be time to get off and buy a ticket, for the child had no money of her own. On reaching Lynn she hurried out with Nellie, who, by this time, was a little frightened at the crowd, the increasing dark-

ness, and the confusion of cars and engines, and her little hand clung tight to the stranger's.

There was only time to show her the waiting room, to provide a ticket, give careful directions about the train, bestow a kiss and a cheery word, and silently commend the little waif to the watchful care of her heavenly Father, before the conductor swung his lantern, and cried "All aboard!"

"Dear little cross," thought the young lady, springing on the car just as it began to move, "had it not been for you I might have lost this opportunity for a little service to my King. Hereafter, I will always keep it in sight when traveling, praying that it may open the way for other trifling acts of kindness done 'In His Name.'"—*The Congregationalist.*

ALL OF WHICH PROVES.

What a marvellous change in the treatment of horses would quickly occur if men were treated exactly as they treat their horses: In that case

Whips would be seldom used.

Jerking the bit would cease; also

Yelling, cursing, pounding and kicking.

Check reins would be very slack.

Blinders would be discarded.

Clipping and docking would go "out of style."

Big loads would rarely be seen.

Axle grease would have a boom.

Better roads would be loudly demanded.

Wide tires would be universal.

Race tracks would be "For Sale."

Stables would all be light, clean and airy.

Horses would be watered frequently, fed regularly, and have a variety and sufficiency of food, and a deep, soft bed at night.

All of which proves how mean, cruel and foolish some men are.—*Hallstead (Pa.) Herald.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Professor John Stuart Blackie once turned the laugh against some of his students who thought they would have a little fun at his expense.

A notice was posted up one morning at the door of the Greek class-room:

"Professor Blackie regrets that he is unable to meet his classes this morning."

A student cleverly obliterated the "c," so that the notice said,

"Professor Blackie regrets that he is unable to meet his lassies this morning."

But the Professor, coming up a little later, perceived the alteration, and as cleverly obliterated the "l," so that it now read:

Professor Blackie regrets that he is unable to meet his asses this morning."

After all Blackie had the best of it.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in July, 1895.

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PAINTING A FROG'S PORTRAIT.

One of my pets was a frog, about half grown. He would hop upon my hand to the tip of my finger, and sing (or croak) as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid just then, and when I felt lonely and my husband was away I used to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet, and he would set off as if his life depended on his song no matter what the hour might be.

One day I wanted to paint him in a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it; whenever I placed him in the right position he would hop around so as to face me, and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well, but when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view he hobbled around also, and would face me. Then I tried edging round the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But whenever I raised my head to look at him he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint, and so we went on nodding at each other like two Chinese mandarins. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In "Our Dumb Animals" for July its venerable yet vigorous editor continues his irrepressible crusade against every form of cruelty to man and beast. This useful paper, costing but 50 cents a year, measured by its influence for good, is worth fifty times that price. — *Philadelphia Sentinel*.

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- (2.) We condense many articles into one-half, one-quarter, one-tenth the space they occupy when they come to us.
- (3.) We remember that our constituency reaches not only over the whole country but to some extent over the world.
- (4.) We advertise nothing but our work.
- (5.) We print no dull article, though written by the President of the United States.
- (6.) We have constantly in mind the various classes of readers whom we are to interest.



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